For the Love of Luna

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For the Love of Luna

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Summary

Luna Lovegood invites Harry and Ron on a creature-hunting quest that escalates into Animagus chaos, Snorkack adoption, and magical zoology gone rogue...

Now featuring floating Knurls, fiery Heliopaths, and a Scottish Umbungular with kilt-slashing tendencies. Originally written in 2007 AD, now finally revived for chaotic fanfic and bonus archaeological glory!

Notes

Originally posted on FFN in 2007. Resurrected from the fic's 2007 vaults. May contain magical zoology, animagus mishaps, and Snape shade. Dedicated to Luna Lovegood, patron saint of creature chaos and the Quibbler! Note: Story is set shortly after Harry meets the Threstals for the first time ever

Chapter 1

Harry sighed for what seemed like the billionth time during Transfiguration class. Professor McGonagall had been demonstrating how to transform a butterfly into a firework cracker for the past hour. Yet Harry had been prodding his Monarch butterfly unenthusiastically with his wand. His mind was somewhere else, lost in his own imagination...

Those dark winged horse-beasts beckoned to Harry with their somewhat knowledgeable eyes. He could see their taut skeleton framework as Hagrid introduced them to the shocked class. They nickering softly with glee as they tore meat apart with their fangs. Harry didn't know what to think, but he knew the winged horse knew him. You're the one.

Annotated Snark: The Thestrals are emotionally clairvoyant and possibly judging Harry's haircut.

"This Thestral here is called Wind-Murk," shouted Hagrid loudly.

"Blimey, Harry!" said a loud voice behind him. Harry didn't have to turn around.

"Ron? What's the matter?" he whispered.

Ron held up his newly broken wand. "I broke George's wand. He'll bloody well slay me. Can I borrow yours?"

Without thinking, Harry swapped wands and shoved Ron's into his knapsack just as McGonagall announced an early break. Harry stood up, thrilled to escape class. Maybe there wouldn't be Occlumency lessons with Snape later...

Outside, Luna strolled near the Hog's Head, determined to reach the Dumbledore's Army meeting. She wore bright turnip earrings and a dreamy expression, thinking about how excited Daddy would be if The Quibbler published her creature articles.

Suddenly, she bumped into Harry. "Hello Harry," she waved. "Daddy's going to show me a picture of a Heliopath soon. Can I ask you a favour...?"

Harry blinked. "Luna, I wasn't going to talk to you."

"You know those creatures I've been telling you about? Daddy found out they really exist! Can you and Ron meet me near the Shrieking Shack?"

"I'm on the search for the Crumple-Horned Snorkack and the Knurls."

Annotated Snark: Luna's creature list reads like a magical zoology bingo card.

"Sure, but how do you know they exist?" asked Harry.

Luna winked. "Daddy's produced photos of them."

Ron flustered. “Why would Luna ask you to go out with me?”

“She thinks she found some creatures,” Harry muttered. Luna was waiting at the top of the hill.

“Ah, there you are,” Luna smiled mysteriously, handing Ron a flower necklace. “Let’s begin!”

“Do the flowers protect you from monsters?” Harry asked.

“They protect you from the Crumple-Horned Snorkack... and other dangerous beasts like Pus-Sucking Skeetches and Blurts,” Luna said cheerfully.

Annotated Snark: AO3 needs a tag for “Pus-Sucking Skeetches.” For science.

Suddenly, a peculiar whining roar echoed from the forest. Harry jumped. Ron squeaked “Mummy!” in a very un-Gryffindor tone.

“What in Fauna’s name is that?” Harry yelled, hiding behind Luna.

“Those are Knurls!” Luna beamed. “I’ll recognize them anywhere!”

A big swooping fluff ball floated into view. Spotty meringue-colored, gentle-eyed, and purring incessantly.

“Why does it float?” Harry asked.

“The Knurl just does,” Luna said joyfully.

Ron reached out. The Knurl bit his fingers and vanished with a poof.

Then something large blotted out the sun. The earth shook like dirt jelly.

“Watch out, it’s the Heliopaths!” Luna screamed as fire rained down.

“THE WHAT?!” Harry roared.

“Never mind, just run!” Ron shouted. The fiery beings with glowing eyes chased them. Three-legged, smoke-breathing, lava-toothed monsters snarled and hurled fire. Luckily, the wizards were too small to notice. The Heliopaths gave up and vanished.

“Wait till Dumbledore hears about this,” Harry muttered. “The Prophet will have mugger witnesses.”

“I AM NEVER GOING TO TRUST YOU AGAIN!” Ron yelled at Luna.

“I’m extremely sorry, Ronald Wesley,” Luna panted.

“You better apologize, Ron,” Harry said. “For the love of Luna, can you two stop fighting?”

Annotated Snark: Title drop! Luna blushes. Harry panics. The Thestrals nicker in approval.

They continue the quest. A large scaly blue creature stomps through the undergrowth. Bat-like ears. Tiny feet. A horn shaped like a crumpled paper bag.

“The Crumple-Horned Snorkack!” Luna cried.

“It’s a baby,” she added. “It thinks Ron is its father.”

“WHAT ON EARTH?!”

Harry tried “ACCIO Luna!” but forgot he was holding Ron’s wand. It backfired. He boomeranged into the Snorkack’s teeth.

“AAAAGGGHHH!”

Luna summoned flower necklaces. The Snorkack dropped them and stormed off.

“Thanks, Luna,” Harry said. “I owe you.”

“No problem. Next time, can I invite you, Hermione, and Ron to quest for the Blabbering Humdinger?”

Harry and Ron fainted.

“Oh dear,” Luna said. “Daddy’s not going to be pleased.”

Hermione's Humdinger

Chapter Summary

> Set post-Thestral reveal, Book 5. Featuring astrology panic, Jackalope denial, and magical echidna monsters.

Hermione was studying intensely for her mid-term astrology examination. She paused occasionally to scribble out mistakes. “You added Saturn to Neptune’s orbit, then they form Scorpio,” she deduced, smiling at her owlish knowledge.

Suddenly, Harry and Ron burst into the room, scattering papers everywhere.

Hermione twitched. “What’s wrong with you two?” she asked, annoyed.

“We’re looking for... a pet,” Harry said.

“Ask Hagrid,” Hermione replied. “Fluffy must have found it.”

Ron grabbed her shoulders. “You don’t understand—it’s a Jackalope.”

Hermione laughed. “Loony Luna filling you with stories again?”

Harry shook his head. “It’s in the tower somewhere. Let us know if you see it lurking.”

They slammed the door. Hermione raised an eyebrow.

When she was sure they were gone, she giggled. “Luna must be turning my friends’ heads with wild tales,” she huffed.

She resumed her essay. After 20 minutes, she heard a swishing sound and a high-pitched hum.

Then a loud echoing ding from the dusty walls.

“Well, that was odd,” she said. “There are logical explanations.”

(Hermione’s 'logic' is about to be eaten by a magical creature! Teehee)

An impish giggle echoed. Fear spiked up her spine. She squashed it down.

“Calm down, Hermy,” she whispered. “It’s just a—”

Dark spooky eyes glowed. A huge fuzzy form emerged from the gloom.

It was spherical and half-transparent, with short pricks like an echidna. It had a short muzzle and long sharp teeth full of toothpicks.

Hermione prodded it with her wand. It grew angry.

It inflated three times its size and snapped her wand with its teeth.

(Magical monster has a vendetta against holly wood.)

Furiously, it spat out bark bits and glared. “Aw,” Hermione nudged it. It hissed.

“No, that’s my precious wand!” she screamed. A long fight ensued.

Harry arrived, exhausted. He heard Hermione running from the astrology room.

“Wait, Hermy!”

“Get away from there, Harry!” she screamed. “I never want to study in that room again!”

“What’s gotten into you?” Harry asked.

It's Truly a Zoo, Hogwarts

Chapter Summary

> Featuring Animagus transformations, magical identity crises, and Luna's surprise moment. Set post-Thestral reveal, Book 5.

"Today we're going to learn the most complicated of magical arts," announced Professor Flitwick one morning. All the students leaned in. "Has anyone heard of the Animagus wizards of 1044?"

Hermione raised her hand. "In 1044, near Dover, a wizard denounced as a Squib transformed into a creature matching his personality and birthmarks. His name was Ursilatra Rigtone. His Animagus form was the spectacled bear."

"Correct, Miss Granger," Flitwick chuckled, perched atop his book pile. "Currently, only seven Animagi are registered. The spell is risky. Many failed attempts led to irreversible deformities."

"Then why teach us?" Draco asked airily. "I'm sure the Weasel can manage it."

Ron turned tomato red. "I am not a weasel! And all you Slytherins suit serpents just fine."

"Students!" Flitwick gasped. "Gryffindors and Slytherins, no arguing!"

Annotated Snark: The Hogwarts Zoo begins with inter-house animal insults. Classic.

Chaos erupted.

"Crabbe is like a pig—he just eats!" Seamus yelled.

"Do you think I'll be an otter?" Hermione asked. "I love otters."

"More like a crow," someone muttered.

"Ferret-brain and pigeon-toed?" Neville wondered. Percy laughed.

"Quiet!" Flitwick shouted. "If you don't settle down, I won't teach you the olde ancienti magik artes."

Everyone laughed. "Magik artes? Bwahaha!" Flitwick toppled off his seat.

"Now, eyes on the table."

Two brimstone amulets lay under obsidian plates.

“So we transform using these trinkets?” Ron goggled. “Awesome!”

“Concentrate on your true form,” Flitwick warned. “Or risk magical disaster.”

Ron crouched. “I need the toilet.”

Harry glared. “An amulet in the toilet? What if it gets flushed by a ghost?”

Before anyone could say Pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis, Ron’s nose shrank, fur bristled, sparkles flew—and FLOOOMP! A pig with Ron’s red hair scuttled across the floor.

“Ronald Weasley?” Hermione gasped.

The pig grunted telepathically: Bertie Bott’s Beans.

Hermione ran from the room, yelling about birds and bees.

“Come back!” Ron-lion roared, now orange-maned with blue eyes.

“I always thought he ate like a pig,” Malfoy smirked—until he grew white fur and ballooned into a polar bear.

“I’m supposed to be a spitting cobra!” he shrieked.

Annotated Snark: Animagus roulette is not for the faint of ego.

Flitwick scolded Malfoy-Polar. “You’re not concentrating on your true self.”

“A whole lot of bull!” Malfoy raged, running for ice.

Crabbe and Goyle? Now a jackal and a bull.

Harry watched passively. Animals snarled, pounced, and yowled.

“Okay, concentrate,” Harry whispered. Maybe he’d be a stag like his father...

Suddenly, Luna knocked on the door. “Professor Trelawney wants to—”

She stopped. Seamus-fox teased Pansy-Goat. Chaos reigned.

Harry dropped his amulet. It rolled to Luna.

She picked it up. FLASH!

A large white snowshoe hare appeared, wearing Harry’s amulet.

“LUNA?” Harry gasped.

The hare leapt out the window.

“Ron! Luna’s a hare!” Harry screamed.

“She lost her hair?!” Ron-lion licked his paws.

Neville the fruit bat squeaked from the chandelier. “Catch her before the amulet breaks!”

Harry opened the door. “I’ll find Miss Lovegood,” he promised Flitwick.

He dashed down the hallway—CRASH! Knight statues blocked his path.

“Could’ve placed those somewhere else,” he muttered.

“Here Luna, little rabbit,” he whispered. Snape appeared.

“Harry James Potter,” Snape snarled. “Explain yourself.”

“She’s my pet rabbit. A gift from Aunt Petunia,” Harry lied to her.

Snape squinted. “Keep it locked up and away from me next time.”

“Son of airy James Potter,” he added.

“Hey! I heard that!” Harry yelled.

“Twenty points from your house!” Snape snapped.

Hermione appeared. “I know a spell from Frooble’s Hex and Jinxes.”

“Isn’t that illegal?” Harry asked.

“You’re holding the wrong book,” Hermione said. “Oops. Thanks.”

She cast Ariciutis! FLASH!

A howler monkey stared back.

“Oh no. Wrong spell!”

Hermione-monkey nodded solemnly.

Harry groaned. “Even mean people?”

Nod.

“When I catch Luna, Snape’s getting a surprise,” Harry grinned.

Hermione screeched in protest.

The Scottish Umbungular!

Chapter Summary

> Featuring Luna's creature diplomacy, Fred and George in kilts, and a magical beast that slashes tartan like it's Friday.

"Minister Cornelius Fudge has a WHAT?" Fred and George asked, rubbing their hands with glee.

"An Umbungular Slashkilter," Luna said brightly. "It lives in Scotland and slashes the kilts of grown Muggles who provoke it."

It slashes kilts and possibly egos.

Luna was conversing with a Hogwarts gnome who had wandered into the garden. It spoke in Mermaid language: "Jifisiyuiot kiewoir? JEOhihihihi..." Then it bit her thumb.

George and Fred shrugged. It was too weird not to get involved.

"I dunno what you're saying, Loony Luna," George said. "Should we get Madame Pomfrey for that cut?"

"Don't bother. Daddy says gnome drool is good medicine," Luna replied.

Fred looked flatly at George and made a sign with his finger.

"Are you sure she's important for our Wheezes research?" George asked. "We'd have to dress in kilts and play bagpipes..."

"I can't play bagpipes," Fred said. "But Ronald can!"

Unfortunately, Ron was busy turning a frog into a princess with Cho Chang and declined.

"TO BE CONTI—"

"Wait!" Fred interrupted. "I have a splendifourous idea!"

Luna cocked her head. "What do you have in mind, exactly?"

"We all dress up in kilts!" Luna said happily. "I'll be the fashion consultant."

Fred and George blanched.

"No effing way!" they shrieked. "We don't wanna look like obsessed fangirls!"

The twins are both 'cursed' with gender panic AND Luna’s fashion spells...

“Don’t worry, I’ve got the hang of it!” Hermione said, lowering her high-pitched sounding spell.

“Now? You go dress in kilts. We’ll meet at the corridor at four.”

THE END (FOR NOW, unless I think of more! xD)

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